



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR



**CREEPY**  
**#37**  
**JAN/71**

# CREEPY

A WARNER  
BROS. MAGAZINE

PGC  
**60¢**

**KING KELLER...SAGA  
OF THE MONSTERS WHO WERE  
NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST**

# **CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE** by Bob Sawyer





# CREEPY

NO. 37

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## CONTENTS

### THE CADAVER

A practical joke by bored medical students backfires with bone-chilling results

6

### KING KELLER

A member of a Himalayan expedition wins a place for himself among the abominable snowmen

14

### I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!

Can any man alter his face in life? Dale Curry doesn't stop at murder to try!

21

### "TENDER MACHINE 10061"

Have you ever wondered if machines have souls? You will, after reading this spine-tingler

30

### CREEPY FAN CLUB

A few more way-out sketches and even further out stories

36

### COFFIN CURE

Mr. Hawkins has a unique solution for an unusual problem . . . If one can afford his price!

39

### "THE CASTLE"

Mystery, adventure and the Occult lurk within The Castle

46

### THE CUT-THROAT CAT BLUES

Haunting horror lurks everywhere . . . Even in a kiddies cartoon show!

61



Page 6



Page 14



Page 21



Page 39



Page 46



Page 61

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EERIE, and F.M. and I wish that every Saturday afternoon you guys had a CREEPY cartoon show.

ARTHUR LONDON  
Flushing, N.Y.

I think your issue No. 36 was great. "Weird Worlds" was fabulous. It was like if you were there. The art by Tom Sutton was out of this world. The story by Nicola Cudi was great also. He expressed things so good. The other stories were good too, but could have been better. Try to get some real bloody stories into your mags. Remember, the bloodier, the better. Hurry up with your next issue.

MICHAEL LONG  
New York, N.Y.



WE BLOODY-WELL WILL, MIKE.

CREEPY is one of the all time greats in comic book & magazine history! But why so much Science Fiction? I know that it adds variety and all, but frankly, I agree with E. A. Poe, whose comment: "To put it bluntly, this stuff stinks!"

PERRY LOFTNESS  
Sioux Falls, S.D.

VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE, PERRY.



## A SCENE FROM TOM SUTTON'S "WEIRD WORLD"



Nine stories in one issue is just too many. You may get more variety but you lose a lot in plot and characterization. Since I'm largely a swords and sorcery fan, the story I liked best in this issue (No. 35) was Godelayer. But even that appeared to have been crammed into those six pages with quite a few elements missing.

What I'd like to see is some longer stories like the 21 pages in Vampirella No. 8 and "The Terror Beyond Time" in CREEPY No. 15. I'd also like to see more stories about continuing characters such as Thane, Amazonia and Vampirella.

Israel Oppenheimer  
San Francisco, Cal.

Issue No. 36 was the most I mean you guys got great front covers (as usual). And those weird stories, like WOW! I always buy CREEPY.

I think that your magazine is the scariest mag that I ever read. In 1963 when I got sick, my mother gave me a present to spend my time with and

what do you think it was? Right! A copy of CREEPY. By the time I got well again I had begun to collect your mags from any source I could. Since then I have from issue No. 30 to No. 35 and hope to get all of your earlier back issues. I don't mind telling you, each time I read a new one, I get scared sick all over again.

CHARLES BASILE  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I recently sent in a letter to your cousin EERIE. Asking this question: I have bought all of the CREEPY magazines advertised in the back issue dept. But to complete my CREEPY collection, I need issues No. 28, 29, 30 but these issues are not advertised. How can I get them? Your cousin didn't even send me an answer by mail, let alone print it in his mag. Also I would appreciate if your cousin "jelly belly" quits calling you names.

RICHARD S. JOHNSON  
Barnesville, Ill.



THE ISSUES YOU MENTION ARE AVAILABLE. TRY CHECKING A FEW OF THE LATER ISSUES FOR ADS SHOWING BACK ISSUES FROM NO.

26 to No. 36. AND QUIT SENDING LETTERS TO THAT JELLY BELLY COUSIN OF MINE. HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. I'M THE TOP KNOW IT ALL CREEP AROUND HERE.

CREEPY No. 35 was neat. The cover was sharp. "Tough Custom-are" and "Legend in Gold" was good but "Polly Wants a Wizard" Stunk. The story was all fouled up. "Army of the Walking Dead" was beautiful. "Godelayer" and "It's grim" were average. "The Druids Curse" was JUNK. "Gunsmoke Charlie" went up in smoke. "Justice" was perfect. I was surprised to see 5 stories! It just goes to show you how perfect CREEPY is. I was glad to see Roger Brand back this issue with "Legend in Gold."

JOE HAMMILL  
Tranton, N.Y.



JOE, M'BOY. YOU'RE GREAT. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DON'T LIKE. WE CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL, BUT WE'RE TRYING. IF I CAN PLEASE YOU, THEN I'VE WON A VICTORY. I'M GONNA TRY HARDER. LET ME KNOW IF I SUCCEED.

## IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

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“Why so much science fiction? Print more horror!”



THIS  
DRAMATIC  
SCENE IS  
FROM  
“THE  
COOL  
JAZZ  
GHOUL”  
ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
KEN  
KELLEY

I have been a fan of yours ever since the beginning. I thought that issue No. 34 was great! I enjoyed the “COOL JAZZ

GHOUL” and “THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE” best of the issue. I feel the writers of them deserve an award.

I think that everybody was waiting for “THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER OF CASTLEMARE,” since the model stood so well.

Confidentially, you don't have to worry about competition from EERIE, (since your writers are better!) I'll be waiting for another one like issue No. 34 in the stores.

ROBERT LARKIN  
Greenville, Tenn.



THANKS BOBBY, BOY. IT MAKES YOUR OLD UNK'S BONES CREEP WITH JOY TO HEAR FROM SONS LIKE YOU. NOW MAYBE THAT LITTLE COUSIN WHAT'S-HIS-NAME WILL KNOW WHO'S CREEPIER AROUND HERE.

Thank you for publishing my poetry (NOW CREEPY, “The Witch of the Cave” by Wolfgang von Reuben). I am complemented. I can tell you

that it has boosted sales where I come from. I have some 40 relatives that have purchased an edition of CREEPY No. 30 when they heard I had my work in it.



JOHN DEARDEN  
So. Acworth, N.H.

ANYTIME JOHN, JUST KEEP SENDING IN AND LET'S BOOST SALES SOME MORE. ESPECIALLY MINE.



“In my opinion...”

What is your opinion? Let us hear it. Address your mail to: DEAR UNCLE CREEPY 145 East 32nd St. New York, N.Y. 10016



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AH! SCALPES ALL SHARP AND GLEAMING... SURGICAL MASKS  
ALL NEATLY IN PLACE...? THEN ENTER MY OCCULT OPERATING  
ROOM, AND LET'S DISSECT...



# The Cadaver



IN JULY OF 1893, THE ANATOMY CLASS AT EDINBURGH MEDICAL COLLEGE ARE PROCEEDING SMOOTHLY AND ON SCHEDULE, AS DID ALL THINGS IN THAT INSTITUTION OF HIGHER LEARNING. THE RENOWNED PROFESSOR IRWIN FLYWHEEL HAS BEGUN HIS LECTURE PUNCTUALLY, AS USUAL, AND HE IS BORING HIS STUDENTS TO DEATH—AS USUAL...



OCCASIONALLY, A YOUNG MEDICAL STUDENT WILL DISCOVER THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BECOME A SURGEON...

BUT PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO INTERRUPT HIS MONOTONOUS LECTURE...

APPLY A SIMPLE ELECTRICAL STIMULUS AND THE MUSCLE REACTS, SO I ASK YOU, GENTLEMEN!

IF ELECTRICITY, ACTING AS AN EXTERNAL STIMULUS, IS ABLE TO CAUSE DEAD TISSUE TO MOVE, WOULD IT NOT THEN BE POSSIBLE TO REJUVENATE LIFE WITH SUCH A STIMULUS? PONDER THAT QUESTION, MY BOYS!

WITH PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL'S LECTURE AT AN END, THE STUDENTS QUIETLY FILE OUT OF THE HALL UNTIL ONLY THREE VERY BORED YOUNG MEN REMAIN. THEIR NAMES: CUSHING, SEDGEWICK AND KEMPE...



THIS IS ALL GETTING RATHER DULL, YOU KNOW!

WAIT A MINUTE, MATES! I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! FOLLOW ME!

I AGREE. THE QUESTION IS, HOW CAN WE LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT?

KEMPE LEADS HIS TWO FRIENDS DOWN TO THE LECTURE PLATFORM, WHERE THEY ALL GATHER AROUND THE DISSECTED CADAVER...

WELL, LET'S HEAR YOUR IDEA, KEMPE!

YES! LET'S HEAR IT!

IT'S VERY SIMPLE, REALLY. WE'LL BUILD A HUMAN BEING! WE'VE GOT ALL THE PARTS RIGHT HERE, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS PUT HIM TOGETHER.

BUILD A HUMAN BEING? WELL, WHY NOT?

A SPLENDID IDEA! WE CAN WORK IN THAT OLD LABORATORY NO ONE USES ANYMORE. IT SHOULD BE FUN!



THE BOYS ARE ABOUT TO KIDNAP THE CADAVER WHEN SUDDENLY...

WAIT! YOU THERE! KEMPE! SEDGEWICK! CUSHING! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?



OH-OH! IT'S PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL!

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

JUST KEEP QUIET! LET ME DO THE TALKING!



REALLY? AND WHAT IS THIS NEW PROJECT, MR. KEMPE?

OH, YES!

CERTAINLY!

WHY, PROFESSOR FLY-WHEEL! WE WERE JUST GOING TO CONSULT YOU ON A NEW PROJECT! THE FACT IS, WE WERE INSPIRED BY YOUR WONDERFULLY FORCEFUL LECTURE — WEREN'T WE, MATES?



WELL... WE WERE THINKING OF BUILDING A MAN.

PURELY IN THE INTEREST OF SCIENCE, MIND YOU!

WHAT? HAVE YOU ALL GONE MAD? I'LL NOT HEAR OF IT!



AND WE COULD TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE YOUR THEORY OF ELECTRICAL REJUVINATION BY BRINGING THE CADAVER BACK TO LIFE!

YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED A CHANCE TO SHOW THE WORLD THAT YOUR THEORY IS CORRECT, HAVEN'T YOU?

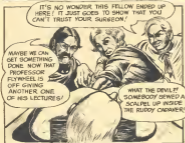
AN OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE MY THEORY, DID YOU SAY? HMM...



WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MY BOYS! LET'S GET STARTED!



WITHIN A MATTER OF DAYS, PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL AND HIS THREE CONFEDERATES ARE READY TO BEGIN WORK IN AN OLD ABANDONED LABORATORY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES...



IT'S NO WONDER THIS FELLOW ENDED UP HERE! IT JUST GOES TO SHOW THAT YOU CAN'T TRUST YOUR SURGEON!

MAYBE WE CAN GET SOMETHING DONE NOW THAT PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL IS OFF GIVING ANOTHER ONE OF HIS LECTURES!

WHAT THE DEVIL? SOMEBODY SEWED A SCALPEL UP INSIDE THE RUDDY CADAVER!



NOW I THINK IT'S TIME WE STARTED GATHERING SOME FRESH MATERIAL AND BEGIN PICKING THIS FELLOW UP, YOU ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

ON THE THIRD DAY, THEIR WORK BEGINS IN EARNEST...



I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE WAS A FRESH LIVER IN HERE YESTERDAY!

THROUGHOUT THE WEEK, THE MEDICAL COLLEGE IS PLAGUED BY STRANGE HAPPENINGS. THINGS BEGIN DISAPPEARING FROM DOCTORS' OFFICES...



... AND FROM THE MORGUE...





OF COURSE! BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST GO NOW. LECTURES, YOU KNOW! BUT I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT TO PROVE ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT MY THEORY IS CORRECT! THE CADAVER WILL LIVE!!

ONCE PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL IS GONE...

PUTTING A MAN TOGETHER, ISN'T SO BAD. KEMPE, BUT BRINGING HIM BACK TO LIFE... THAT'S EVIL! AND WHAT IF THE DEAN SHOULD FIND OUT? WE'LL ALL BE EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE!

AND WHOSE BRIGHT IDEA WAS IT TO GET THE PROFESSOR MIXED UP IN THIS?



AFTER PROFESSOR FLYWHEEL MAKES A FOOL OF HIMSELF TRYING TO BRING THE CADAVER BACK TO LIFE, WE'LL ALL HAVE A GOOD LAUGH AND JUST FORGET THE WHOLE THING! NOBODY WILL BE THE WISER!

COME ALONG, PROFESSOR. IT'S TIME YOU HAD A REST.



YES... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. I HAVE FAILED MISERABLY.



IT MUST WORK! IT MUST!

I SAY PROFESSOR! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU AREN'T HAVING MUCH LUCK. YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR OVER AN HOUR. WHY DON'T WE JUST CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF?



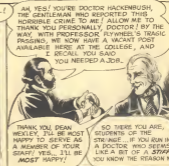
MY GOD! YOU CAN'T BE ALIVE!

YOU'RE NOT REALLY GOING, ARE YOU, MY GOOD MAN? WHO WILL I HAVE TO TALK TO?



OH, BUT I AM! AND MAY I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO THANK YOU ALL! IT WAS MOST UNPLEASANT — BEING DEAD, I MEAN.







**BRRR!** THIS FRIGID LITTLE TALE WILL CHILL YOU IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! BUNDLE YOURSELF UP IN YOUR WARMEST LAMB'S WOOL AND PREPARE TO MEET A BAND OF SNOWMEN WHO HAVEN'T COAL LUMPS FOR EYES NOR A CARROT FOR A NOSE. THEY WERE KINGS OF THE TIBETAN MOUNTAINS UNTIL KELLER INVADDED THEIR GROUNDS AND MADE HIMSELF...

# KING KELLER

THEIR LONG WHITE FLUR FLUTTERS IN THE WIND, AS THEY SEEK PROTECTION AMID THE ALABASTER DUNES. WITH CURIOSITY, THEY WATCH THE BRILLIANT ORANGE GLOW COMING FROM THE TINY TIBETAN VILLAGE. THEY HAVE NEVER KNOWN TRUE WARMTH FOR THEY HAVE NOT YET DISCOVERED FIRE. THESE ARE THE YETI-- THE SNOWMEN-- NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST.



WITHIN THE PALACE OF THE HIGH LLAMA, A PARTY OF SCIENTISTS AND EXPLORERS FIND THE LLAMA A GRACIOUS HOST.

ONE OF OUR RESEARCH MISSILES HAS CRASHED INTO YOUR MOUNTAINS. OUR MISSION IS TO BRING BACK THE INSTRUMENTS IN THE NOSE CONE WHICH WILL TELL US MORE ABOUT THE PLANET MARS.

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE INSTEAD OF THE CONQUEST OF YOUR FELLOW MAN. THIS IS TRUE PROGRESS AND I ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENDORSE YOUR ENDEAVOR, MR. BLAUE.



BUT I MUST WARN YOU THAT NOW IS A DANGEROUS TIME TO CLIMB THE HIGH PEAKS. THE YETI HAVE BEEN DISTURBED...

... AND THEY HAVE CARRIED OFF MANY OF OUR SHEEP HERDERS AND FARMERS TO SOME UNKNOWN FATE. THEY HAVE NOT YET GATHERED THE COURAGE TO ENTER ANY OF THE VILLAGES, BUT I FEAR...

EXCELLENCY! EXCELLENCY! THE YETI HAVE TAKEN LI-CHOU, YOUR DAUGHTER!



IN THE MORNING, THE STORM HAS FADED TAKING WITH IT, ALL THE TRACES OF THE NIGHT RAIDERS.

AGAIN, YOUR HIGHNESS, MAY WE SAY HOW SORRY WE ARE ABOUT YOUR LOSS.

YOU ARE VERY KIND, MR. BLAUE. I WISH YOU SUCCESS ON YOUR MISSION.

WHY SHOULD HE BE SAD? HE HAS EIGHT MORE DAUGHTERS AND BESIDES, HE'S A KING. A KING CAN HAVE ANYTHING HE WANTS ANYTHING!

I WONDERED WHY THEY CALLED YOU "KING KELLER." DREAM ON KELLER BECAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO.

YOU'RE NOT RESPONSIBLE ENOUGH TO WIELD POWER.



AFTER DAYS OF TRAVELING WITH SHORT REST PERIODS IN SLEEPING BAGS, THE PARTY REACHES THE PROPER SITE FOR ITS FIRST CAMP...

DOCTOR BLANCHI, SET UP YOUR INSTRUMENT TENT THERE AND WE'LL ERECT THE SUPPLY TENT NEXT TO IT!



HOW CAN WE LOCATE THE ROCKET WITH THESE GADGETS, DOC?



THE MISSILE SENDS OUT ULTRA-SONIC WAVES WHICH ARE PICKED UP BY THE ANTENNA OUTSIDE THE TENT AND CHANGED INTO ELECTRICAL IMPULSES BY THESE 'GADGETS'.

BY TURNING THE ANTENNA UNTIL WE GET THE STRONGEST IMPULSE, WE ARE ABLE TO CALCULATE THE DIRECTION AND DISTANCE WE ARE FROM THE MISSILE.

THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND YOUR MISSILE. IT'S GOING TO BE RUSSO. THAT PARTICULAR AREA HAS NEVER BEEN EXPLORED BEFORE.

HELLER, TELL EVERYONE TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S AND PUT A GUARD ON THE SUPPLY TENT, BECAUSE...



... I GET THE FEELING WE'RE NOT ALONE OUT HERE.

THE STRANGE WAILINGS OF THE NIGHT WIND KEEPS THE GUARD OCCUPIED, HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE TUNES SING OF HIS DEATH!





TWO MORE CAMPS HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED, AND THE DAYS PASS UNEVENTFUL. THE FINAL STEP OF THE MOUNTAIN TREK IS MADE BY ONLY THREE MEN.



WE'VE ONLY A FEW HUNDRED MORE FEET TO GO AND WE'LL NOT ONLY HAVE REACHED THE MISSILE BUT WE'LL HAVE BEEN THE FIRST MEN TO CLIMB THIS MOUNTAIN!



CUT HIM LOOSE!  
FOR GOD'S SAKE,  
RELLER!  
CUT  
NIM  
LOOSE,  
OR  
HE'LL  
TAKE  
YOU  
DOWN  
WITH  
HIM!

SNOWMEN, YETI, WERE  
WAITING FOR US. IS  
THERE ANOTHER WAY  
TO THE TOP?

YES, FOLLOW  
ME. WE'LL BE  
THERE IN AN  
HOUR.

A SHORT TIME LATER, THE  
EXPLORERS ARE DAZZLED BY  
A MOONLIT SCENE...

FANTASTIC! BUT IT  
COULDN'T BE BUILT  
BY THOSE BRUTES.  
THEY HAVEN'T  
THE MENTAL  
PROWESS FOR  
SUCH A TASK!

LET'S LEAVE  
OUR PACKS  
HERE. WE CAN  
MOVE EASIER  
WITHOUT THEM!

THE TWO MEN SOON FIND THEMSELVES  
IN THE INTERIOR OF A LARGE TEMPLE...

THE ROCKET!  
AND LOOK  
AT THE YETI!  
WHAT'S  
CAUSING  
THEM TO  
ACT THAT  
WAY?

THE MISSILE GIVES OFF  
ULTRA-SONIC WAVES—  
WAVES TOO HIGH FOR  
US TO HEAR, BUT IT  
MUST BE DRIVING  
THEM CRAZY.  
WE'D BETTER  
HIDE WHERE  
THERE ARE  
FEWER  
YETI!

THE TWO MEN DISCOVER A SMALL ROOM  
WHICH CONTAINS THE...

PRINCESS LI-CHOU!

THE YETI LOOK UPON YOUR MISSILE AS AN AVENGING GOD. THEY GIVE TRIBUTE AND HUMAN SACRIFICES TO IT IN HOPES THAT THEY CAN APPEASE IT. WE'RE SAFE HERE ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME. THEN THEY'LL BE COWING FOR ME.

BUT WHAT ARE THE YETI WHO BUILT THE CITY?



ACCORDING TO TIBETAN LEGEND, A TRIBE WENT INTO THE FRIGID WILDERNESS TO BUILD A PARADISE. BUT THE ENVIRONMENT DEFEATED THEM. ONLY THE STRONGEST SURVIVED AND THEY DEGENERATED INTO APES-- THE YETI.

APES HAVE NO USE FOR GOLD! DID YOU SEE THAT STUFF, BLAUES? A MAN COULD LIVE LIKE A KING-- A KING!



COMPANY! WE NEED A BETTER WEAPON THAN PISTOLS. THEY DIDN'T WORK AGAINST THEM AT THE CAMP! FIRE!



THE YETI LEARN THAT MAN CONTROLS MANY PAIN GODS -- FIRE AS WELL AS SOUND.



WE'RE ALMOST OUT! THEY WON'T FOLLOW US AS LONG AS WE HAVE THESE TORCHES!



OUTSIDE THE CITY...

TAKE THE PRINCESS BACK. I'M GOING TO REAP MYSELF SOME YETI WEALTH!

KELLER, YOU'RE INSANE! YOU CAN'T GO BACK!



LISTEN, MR. SILVER SPOON BABY, I GREW UP WITH NOTHING BUT DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR AND ONE HARD FACT THAT I DIDN'T HAVE THE BRAINS OR LUCK TO EVER REALIZE MY GOALS. SURE I'M GOING BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT KING KELLER BECAUSE I KNOW HOW TO TURN OFF THE ROCKET!



WITH THE COOL COURAGE  
INSPIRED BY GREED,  
KELLER RE-ENTERS THE  
TEMPLE...



FOLLOWING THE LATE  
BIANCHI'S INSTRUCTIONS,  
KELLER YANKS A GREEN-  
GRAY WIRE FROM ITS  
TERMINAL AND ENDS THE  
YETI'S TORMENT!



COMPLIMENTS OF KING KELLER!  
NOW IF YOU'LL JUST SHOW YOUR  
GRATITUDE BY BEING GENEROUS...



THE YETIS FEAR THAT THE SCREAM  
OF THE DEMON WILL RETURN... IF  
THEY EVER LET YOU GO...!



YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED  
KELLER, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO  
HARM YOU. YOUR CORONATION IS  
ABOUT TO BEGIN. YOU'RE ABOUT  
TO INHERIT ALL THE WEALTH  
AND RESPONSIBILITY OF ROYALTY!





EVER GET THE URGE TO KILL? DALE CURRY JR. HAD IT ALL HIS LIFE... AND HE LIVED TWICE!

**I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU!**

EVEN AS A BABY, DALE BECAME AWARE OF HIS FATHER BLOWING UP AT HIM WITH HATRED.

DALE OFTEN WATCHED HIS PARENTS SECRETLY...

AND DALE HIMSELF WAS OFTEN HURT...



AND THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO ABOUT IT. GRADUALLY, HIS HATRED GREW...



... AND FESTERED...

I'M SORRY, DEAR! ONLY PLEASE DON'T BE SO CRUEL IN FRONT OF THE BOY!

...FESTERED LIKE A CANKER...

NO! AND QUIT NAGGING ME! YOU SOUND LIKE MY...

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO TOUCH THESE!

I'VE GOT TO FIND THE ANSWER-FOR BOTH OF US!





IN HIGH SCHOOL... DALE BEGAN TO TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN PHYSICS...



AND ALL THAT HE DID OR THOUGHT WAS GIVEN DIRECTION BY HIS HATRED OF HIS FATHER!



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

THAT EVENING...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
TELL ME... IT'S MOTHER!  
SHE'S DEAD!

HOW DID  
YOU KNOW?

I... KNEW  
IT HAD  
TO HAPPEN!

AND YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
DIE, TOO...  
AND  
**SOON!**

I FORGOT JUST WHEN,  
BUT I KNEW IT WAS  
GOING TO BE SOON!

STATE HIGHWAY  
CONSTRUCTION SITE

FEDERAL HWY FUNDS \$78,000.00  
STATE HWY FUNDS \$32,000.00

THESE'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
HIM!

WHEN HE TURNS  
THE KEY ON IN  
THE MORNING...  
WHAM! AND WITH  
THE ALARMS I'VE  
FAKED I'LL BE  
IN THE CLEAR!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
FATHER DEAR...  
JUST GET IN  
AND START  
THE ENGINE!

IT'S  
TODAY!  
HE  
DID IT  
TODAY!

WHAT'S THE USE...  
IT CAN'T GO ON!  
I'LL END IT... **NOW!**

**CLKK!**



DALE WAS RIGHT—NO ONE DID SUSPECT HIM... IN FACT...



I'M SORRY, SON... WE ALMOST HAD THE ONE WHO KILLED YOUR FATHER, BUT HE TRIED TO RUN, AND WE HAD TO SHOOT!

THANK YOU, OFFICER! I'M SURE YOU DID YOUR BEST!

WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY FROM HIS FATHER AND MOTHER, DALE WAS ABLE TO CONTINUE HIS EDUCATION



DALE BECAME AN HONOR STUDENT. HE SPECIALIZED IN THE MORE ESOTERIC REGIONS OF ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTATION...



I'VE DONE IT! TIME TRAVEL IS ONLY A MATTER OF THE PROPER APPLICATION OF POLARIZED CURRENTS!



ANOTHER YEAR WENT BY, AND DALE HAD ENLARGED HIS DEVICE

THAT SETTLES IT! THINGS CAN ONLY GO ONE WAY VIA THIS TIME MACHINE! AND THAT'S BACK IN TIME!

THIS MONSTER'S TAKEN ALL MY MONEY AND MUCH OF MY LIFE! AN ONCE I USE IT, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THIS TIME! AND WHAT I PLAN TO DO MAY ERASE ME—BUT I *SHALL* DO IT! I *WILL* KILL MY FATHER... *BEFORE* HE MET MY MOTHER... *BEFORE* HE MADE HER LIFE A LIVING HELL...



BUT TO CARRY OUT HIS PLAN, HE HAD TO TRACE HIS FATHER'S HISTORY FROM BIRTH ONWARD...

I'LL HAVE TO FIND THE PROPER NEXUS... THE RIGHT TIME TO KILL!



SOMEPLACE... SOME TIME... ON THIS CHART IS THE PROPER MOMENT TO MURDER!

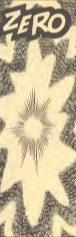


HERE!  
APRIL 26,  
1939!



SOON, ALL WAS READY:

SIX... FIVE...  
FOUR...  
THREE...  
TWO... ONE...



**ZERO**

DALE WAS ON TARGET. A FEW INQUIRIES TOLD HIM THAT DALE CURRY OFTEN PASSED THIS WAY IN THE EVENINGS...

THIS IS THE DAY MY FATHER LEFT THIS TOWN IN A HURRY... BUT NOW HE'LL NEVER LEAVE IT!



DON'T TURN AROUND... IS YOUR NAME DALE CURRY?



YES, WHY? WHO ARE YOU?



DALE SOON FOUND A JOB TEACHING...



DALE WAS DETERMINED TO CREATE A LIFE FOR HIMSELF, AND SOON MARRIED...



DALE NOSTALGICALLY BOUGHT AND MOVED INTO THE HOUSE HE'D KNOWN AS HIS HOME WHEN A BOY! NOW THAT HIS FATHER WAS DEAD, IT WAS HIS HOME AGAIN...



SOON HE HAD HIS FIRST CHILD... A SON...





DALE  
JUNIOR!

THAT FACE...  
IN THE GLASS—!  
OH DEAR GOD!  
IT'S MY FATHER!  
I'M MY OWN  
FATHER! NOT THAT  
STRANGER I KILLED...  
**ME!!** AND THAT BABY—  
IT'S ME AS A CHILD!  
WHAT IN  
GOD'S NAME  
HAVE I  
DONE!?!



DARLING...  
PLEASE...  
AREN'T YOU  
COMING TO  
BED YET!?

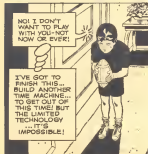
NO...UH, ER... NO.  
I'M GOING DOWN-  
STAIRS AN' WATCH  
TELEVISION!



YOU'LL GROW UP AND  
YOU WILL KILL ME...AND  
NEVER REALIZE UNTIL  
NOW THAT YOU'VE  
KILLED **YOURSELF!**



SURE...HAVE  
FUN WHILE  
YOU CAN.  
YOU  
MONSTER!  
I KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE  
THINKING...  
I JUST  
WISH MY  
MEMORY  
WAS  
BETTER SO  
I'LL KNOW  
**WHEN!**



NO! I DON'T  
WANT TO PLAY  
WITH YOU—NOT  
NOW OR EVER!

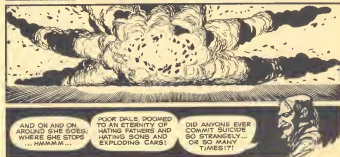
I'VE GOT TO  
FINISH THIS...  
BUILD ANOTHER  
TIME MACHINE...  
TO GET OUT OF  
THIS TIME! BUT  
THE LIMITED  
TECHNOLOGY  
...IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!



NO! AND QUIT NAGGING ME!  
YOU SOUND LIKE MY...

WHAT PERFECT  
[IRONY] OF **COURSE** YOU  
SOUND LIKE MY MOTHER!  
ONLY **YOU** COULD!

I'M SORRY, DEAR!  
ONLY PLEASE DON'T  
BE SO CRUEL IN  
FRONT OF THE BOY!



10061 HAD A NAME ONCE—THAT MUCH HE KNEW, AS THE TELEPHONE RUM BUZZED IN HIS MIND, SIGNALING THE END OF HIS SHIFT. 10061 TRIED AGAIN TO REMEMBER—HE DIDN'T WANT TO REMEMBER, WHO WOULD...

DID YOU THINK MACHINES HAVE SOULS, GORE—  
SOMETIMES A GOOD QUESTION—SINCE NOBODY'S  
PROVED OTHERWISE. BUT THERE ARE SOME  
PEOPLE, PEAK PERSONS, WHO CERTAINLY HAVE  
PROVEN THEY HAVE NONE! ARE YOU IN THIS  
NUMBERS GAME? TO YOUR NUMBER—MR. NAME—

NUMBER  
MACHINE  
10061

EEEEAAHHH!!!

THERE COULD ONLY BE GRIEF  
FOR 'NOISE WHO DEVIATED  
FROM THE NORM...BUT THE  
THOUGHT PERSISTED—WHO  
AM I? WHAT IS MY NAME?

ANOTHER BERSERKER...  
A DEVIANT—AND THEY  
WOULD STOP HIM, LIKE  
ALL THE OTHERS...

A DEVIANT!

KILL HIM!

STOP!

IT'S A BERSERKER!

SUDDENLY—A SCREAM  
OF TERROR SNAPS 10061  
FROM HIS MENTAL REVERIE!



HE'S SHOOTING!  
ALL RIGHT - SHOOT  
HIM DOWN!



DON'T  
SHOOT, DON'T!



YOU SHOOT/ARE  
YOU A DEMANT, TOOT  
NO, I  
SWEAR  
I'M NOT!

"THEN WHY  
ARE YOU  
TRYING TO  
KILL ME?  
BROUGHTER?"



HE HAD TO THINK AND  
QUICKLY OR HIS LIFE  
WOULD BE TAKEN IN A  
MOMENT BY THESE  
MEN TO WHOM HE  
MEANT LIES. SURE  
NOTHING...

"I-I  
WON'T"  
TRYING TO SAVE  
THE DEMANT I WAS  
AFRAID YOU WOULD HIT  
ONE OF THE AMERICAN  
ONE OF THE AMERICAN  
IF YOU  
SHOT AT HIM, PERHAPS YOU  
COULD C-CATCH  
HIM INSTEAD."

"SOBY  
WISH THE  
WORKER,  
GUARD."

THEY GET THE MAN DOWN



THE CLUSE WAS NOT  
A PROLONGED ONE -  
THE WORKER HAD BEEN  
BRUGHTER BEFORE  
THE MACHIN  
OVERTOOK HIM...



GOODNIGHT,  
LOOSE!

GOOD  
NIGHT,  
GUARDS!



LOOKS TRIED TO HOLD HIS BREATH STEADY  
AND WAS GLAD, WHEN THE INTERVIEW  
WAS OVER, TO GIVE THE GUARDS THE  
OBLIGATORY SALUTE...A HAND BEFORE  
THE EYES....

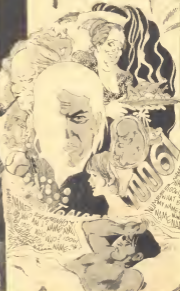
THIS WAY HOME SEEMED DARKER THAN USUAL TO  
HIM. THE THOUGHTS OF WONDER ABOUT HIS NAME  
NOW GSWIRLED WITH THOUGHTS OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED  
TO THAT OTHER NAMELESS MAN, AND HE'D TRIED TO  
PREVENT THEM! HE SHUDDERED--THEY'D BEEN A  
HAIR'S BREATH FROM KILLING HIM AS WELL!



THAT WAS GOOD  
THINKING, WORKER.  
WHAT IS YOUR  
DESIGNATION?



SIR, MY DESIGNATION  
IS I. TENSEN. MACHINE,  
SECOND CLASS, LOOSE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY HE WAS CALLED TO THE SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE. HE'D NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE AND HE FELT THE SAME UNCONTROLLED, SHAMEFUL TREMBLING OF HIS KNEES.



ANOTHER? THERE'S NO "PERHAPS" ABOUT IT! TAKE CREDIT WHEN IT'S DUE. BY THE WAY—YOU'LL BE GLAD TO KNOW YOUR DESIGNATION NOW IS TENDER, FIRST CLASS!

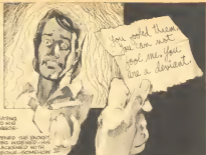


OF COURSE! NOW—BACK TO THE JOB, MY BOY, AND—GOOD LUCK TO YOU!





THE THERMATIC RIM, SIGNALLED THE EATING PERIOD. HIS MACHINE, PROGRAMMED TO HIS DIET REQUIREMENTS, AUTOMATICALLY DISGORGED HIS FOOD PACKET.



—AS HE OPENED THE PACKET, GOBB'S EYES WIDENED—HIS MOUTH BLACKENED WITH FEAR, SOMEONE—SOMEONE HAD PLACED A NOVE IN HIS FOOD PACKET!



FEAR! COMPLETE, UTTER TERROR!

WHO? WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING? WHO WOULD CARE TO DEVIATE—TO ACCUSE ANY OF DEVIATION? HE LOOKED AROUND AT HIS FELLOW WORKERS, BUT THERE WAS NO EXPRESSION—NO SIGN.



I JUST TOLD YOU YOU DID YOU ARE ACTING IN A NON-REGULATORY MANNER, WORK YOUR NOSE IN YOUR DESIGN—NATIONS!



MY DESIGNATION... I SER—MY... NAME... NAME IS JONATHAN... JONATHAN!



# THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



Tony Boettig of Douglassville, Ga. worked up this rendering which shows a considerable amount of talent.



We tell that Jim Erskine of Bowling Green, Ky., was so multi-talented that we've decided to print his story "The Ape Men" and also run two of his illustrations which shows great promise. Incidentally, his style is similar to that of Ernie Colon's, wouldn't you say?



## TO FILL A BOTTLE OF BLOOD

by Paul R. King Jr.

**D**ark comes forth and slunk, crackle through the ocean harbor. Two persons lunge desperately in front of a mighty cruiser, blood swelling down their foreheads.

Creepy looking ship, isn't it, Bruno? Just as long as it will get us out of the city, away from the cops in a hurry. Bruno, we're going to live like kings once we get out of here!

"Vince, I don't like being in showways in this vessel, something about it has an aura of evil. Yet we better leave those gems and hard-earned money that owner didn't help."

Stiffening up the gangplank Vince and Bruno cautiously board the cruiser named The Bleeding Skull. Crawling into a lifeboat they stuff a dingy black cover over their feverish bodies. Hours roll by until the ship moves in fresh ocean and two pairs of eyes peer from the gloomy lifeboat. They silently scurry across the top deck as penthous.

Vince swirls to Bruno proclaiming: You need to worry. We're too far out at sea for them to run back. All we have to do is leave the gems in the boat and retrieve them when we hit Europe. We're not worried there for anything. Besides I'm a genius.

Walking up five deck Vince glances in through a porthole viewing a morbid appearing kitchen. Cobwebs hanging loosely from its walls. Opening the old wooden door quietly they step into a wide kitchen. A long slender table stands to one side and on it a sharp blade dripping with blood.

"Footsteps. Vince mumbles turning.

In the doorway stands a thin man, who appears more dead than alive. Deep shadows wrinkle across his pale face and two piercing eyes, which could chill a man's soul. HALT! You must die for the masters!

Vince bounds back snatching a jar containing blood. Hurling it in the monster's face Bruno tackles him unking the tin to blade into the hand's heart.

Exploding out of the kitchen as torpedos Bruno and Vince dart down the ship.

"What kind of demons are they?" questions Bruno.

"Zombies!"

Turning the corner five of the unearthly creatures leap upon their victims. Two hearts beat faster as a savage battle is underway. The brothers are fortunate as they subdue their foes using karate.

They discover the ship's storage room and barge in.

"We can't hold them off forever, what do we do," asks Bruno.

"Better find a place to hide from those beasts until we reach our port."

Screech.

Figures emerge from the cargo, which resemble riffs of cotton.

"I'm glad you dropped in gentlemen. You may be able to slake our servants, but not us. Now, now, don't cringe in fear. I'm sure you will both taste excellent."

No, no. Awwwwww!

YANKIES!



This drawing was sent to us from Charles Jones of Victoria, Texas which he calls, "The Soul Slayer."



## THE ANNIVERSARY

By Brad McEwen

It was too late to change his mind now. Lexie would be in him a decade old. A knock came from the door, and Clancy walked over and let John Lewis in. "You'd better have a good story—calling me over on an anguished night like this," he said, entering. "I don't know. For some reason I had to visit you. In the back of my mind, there's something about—about Alex!"

"Alex? Christ! We're fortunate to be rid of him, and his hearken-with-the-dead! I can never understand why you two were so close. Lexie's sufficed."

"He was the only boy of my brother's sort! He—he was much like his father. Yeah, until he went nuts. He was an okay guy. Wouldn't even see you. I'm glad we're rid of him. Outside a figure ran from the rocks, where any human being would most certainly have been crushed in a week. With unsteady steps, he walked forward toward the light-house."

"Ever since he died last year, I've felt that I've lost a part of me. Not even a body to bury. 'I'll think it's strange that you get out of the boat while Alex skinned John.'"

"Are you accusing me—of desecrating him or— Alex began."

Before Lexie could even cry out, the door swung open, revealing the most ghastly abomination imaginable in his most terrible nightmares. The thing was rearing flesh and bones revealed in certain areas where the flesh was gone altogether. Half appeared in the creature appeared to have been frozen.

The thing advanced toward the immobile Lexie. It stared him and he screamed, but was helpless against it as it dropped him out the door. Before it vanished into the darkness, it threw a small, golden object to the floor. Clancy recognized it as the golden ring that he had given to Alex one year before.



## GHOULS POWER

by Howard Williams

A young man from Baghdad named Chi entered a beautiful city and enjoyed several weeks of happy married life. Here he wanted something good or about her, she never did with him. When asked about this, she said that she had never been able to outgrow the habit of coming secretly—one which had been imposed on her by a childhood of poverty. One night after she had seen Chi awake and discovered she was no where to be found. Shortly after dawn Chi saw his wife return.

The next night he pretended to be sleeping to see if she would go out for another nocturnal walk. When she thought he was asleep she slipped out of bed, dressed and crept out of the house.

Cursing himself, Chi watched as she entered a huge vault and in an old lamp. Creeping closer he saw what was going on in the dim, smoky recesses of the

room. He was started to discover his wife in the company of several other ghouls eating bits of wrinkled remains of a freshly buried corpse. With their eyes gleaming they divided the jagged chunks of human flesh and devoured them with relish. Bled with terror and revulsion, Chi stumbled away from the land, fled the cemetery and ran home.

The next day he behaved as normally as he could until supper when he was refused to eat. He could contain himself no longer. Chi jumped to his feet and cried out, "So you prefer to eat the flesh of a corpse!"

Heaving that she turned pale and left the room, fearing the worst. Chi seized himself with a sharp dagger before retiring that night and waited for further developments. At about midnight he heard a strange cough. Cautiously he grasped the butt of his knife and held his breath. Suddenly

with the flash of a wild animal his wife leaped on him, snuggling him like a horse and nipping at his throat with her razor-like fangs.

Summoning all his strength, he jumped up and plunged the dagger into her breast, leaving her on the floor, deeply wounded. Then rushing from the room, leaving a trail of blood, Chi aroused a servant who came to assist and arranged to be heard.

The next day Chi buried his wife, and then would be the end of his war. But she had no intention of staying in her grave. If it was after her body was buried, at the stroke of midnight, she appeared again in her husband's room.

Terrified shaken by the attack, Chi arranged the following morning to open his wife's grave. When this was done a ghastly sight met his eyes. The woman ap-

peared to be fully alive. Merely sound asleep, from her lips fresh blood dripped down the side of her mouth, dripping the coffin and staining her hair. Chi immediately left the party to the house of his father-in-law and devoted an explanation.

His daughter, he told them, had been a student of necromancy and black magic.

But, when the men learned that his wife was a witch he killed her on the spot. After being buried, however, she came back from the tomb and went to stay with her father, who permitted her to remain out of fear for his own life. By day she would live as a normal human, but by night she would gnaw the darkness in the company of ghouls like herself. Upon hearing this revelation, Chi ordered the body disinterred and buried, thus ruining himself of her permanently.

## THE APE MAN

By Jim Bakula

Brian cursed. Here in this vast prison corridors of rot-infested flesh—he has remained for nine upon nine century upon century.

His form was that of an ape. He prodded madly down the corridors, smashing all doors along his way. He would find Ludo and make her tell him how to return to his

form. He would again be human. Where are you Ludo? Brian cried. Where?

Far behind him, at the other end of the corridor, he heard a voice strong and defiant. I am here, Brian.

Brian noted his face contorted with rage. How Ludo! How do I return to my human form?

Brian is sorry. I never had as truly thought I would come to this. You see, Brian, kept you here for

good reason. I changed you for good reason. But you've forgotten.

No more, Brian screamed. I'll see no more! He handled a back from the floor. You are evil. Evil! You must be destroyed!

He sprang upon her suddenly, swiftly, swinging his huge bone mallet. He met her skull with monstrous ferocity. Ludo fell to the floor.

Brian knelt beside her and shook her violently. "Now, Remove

the spell Ludo. Change me back to the next seconds will be your last."

Brian consulted. He felt a change coming over him. But it was not as he had thought it would be. He watched as his hairy, huge arms changed to flesh, but suddenly the change went past that. They became soft, like a woman's. Now stationary, now each spinning into a million segments. His entire body cooled and quivered—he fell to the floor.

Poor Brian didn't even have a mouth—He couldn't even scream.

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A COMMON ENGLISH SCENE, ONE ENACTED COUNTLESS TIMES EVERY DAY, THE SIGNIFICANT DIFFERENCE HERE, HOWEVER, LIES IN THE PURPOSE BEHIND THIS PARTICULAR CALLER'S VISIT. FOR HE IS ABOUT TO MAKE A MOST SINGULAR OFFER TO THE RESIDENT OF THE LUXURIOUS MANSION HE HAS APPROACHED HE IS ABOUT TO PROPOSE THE...

# COFFIN CURE

MY NAME IS HAWKINS.

WHO IS IT, PETER?

CHARLES HAWKINS MAY I COME IN, MR. DENTON? I HAVE A BUSINESS PROPOSITION TO OFFER YOU.

Art Brown



THIS IS MY STUDIO.  
NOW, WHAT IS THIS  
BUSINESS PROPOSITION  
YOU HAVE FOR ME?

I SHALL BE  
ENTIRELY FRANK  
WITH YOU. IF YOUR  
CURRENT **BUSINESS PRACTICES**  
CONTINUE YOU WILL BE SENT  
TO PRISON FOR LIFE. I'M  
SURE YOU ARE COM-  
PLETELY AWARE OF  
THIS.



**BUT DENTON QUICKLY  
REGAINS HIS COMPOSURE.**

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU  
ARE TALKING ABOUT NOW,  
YOU'D BETTER EXPLAIN  
YOURSELF BEFORE I  
SUMMON THE BUTLER  
TO SHOW YOU  
OUT!



PLEASE, PLEASE, MR. DENTON.  
I'M NOT FROM THE POLICE.  
YOU CAN BE HONEST WITH ME.  
IT'S A FAIRLY WELL-KNOWN  
FACT AMONG **INNER CIRCLES**  
THAT YOU ARE IN DANGER  
OF OVERSTEERING  
YOURSELF.

WHO THE DEVIL  
ARE YOU? WHAT  
DO YOU  
WANT?



I'D JUST HATE TO SEE YOU LOSE ALL  
THIS WEALTH. MR. DENTON,  
NICE DESK YOU HAVE HERE.  
**EVERYTHING** IN YOUR HOUSE  
SEEMS QUITE COMFORTABLE.  
YOU DON'T **REALLY**  
WANT TO TRADE IT ALL  
IN FOR A PRISON  
CELL, DO YOU?

I ASSURE I HAVE DONE  
NOTHING TO DESERVE A JAIL  
CELL.

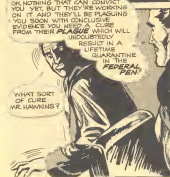


REALLY, DENTON, YOU CARRY  
YOUR ACT TO THE POINT OF  
ABSURDITY. WHY DON'T YOU  
PLACE A QUICK CALL TO MR.  
QUINN? I'M SURE HE WILL  
RECOMMEND ME  
HIGHLY.

**QUINN?**  
YOU KNOW QUINN?  
VERY WELL. I **WILL**  
PHONE HIM. PERHAPS  
HE CAN GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF  
THIS.



DO YOU  
WANT HIS  
NUMBER?



I'M NOT JOKING DENTON.  
AND I'M NOT AFTER YOUR  
LIFE EITHER. WHAT I HAVE  
TERMED **THE COFFIN CURE**  
MAY BE YOUR ONLY CHANCE  
TO ESCAPE A RAP OF  
LIFE IN A STIFLING  
PRISON.

I THINK IT'S TIME  
YOU EXPLAINED  
YOURSELF FULLY  
MR. HAWKINS.

MY INTENTIONS, EXACTLY, SIMPLY  
STATED, I PROPOSE THAT YOU  
EXPERIENCE A **SIMULATED** DEATH...  
TOMORROW YOU WILL BE LEGALLY  
BURIED. THE POLICE WILL, OF COURSE,  
CEASE THEIR INVESTIGATIONS  
OF YOU, AND I WILL DIG YOU UP  
BEFORE YOU REGAIN  
CONSCIOUSNESS.

I HAVE FULL DISPOSAL OF THE FACILITIES AND  
CHEMICALS NECESSARY TO PUT YOU IN A  
COMA SO DEEP THAT IT WILL APPEAR TO  
BE DEATH. IN ADDITION, I AM A FULLY  
LICENSED PHYSICIAN CAPABLE OF  
DECLARING YOU DEAD.

IT'LL NEVER WORK,  
IT'S PREPOSTEROUS!  
THEY'LL NEVER TAKE  
YOUR WORD FOR IT!  
BESIDES, I'LL SUFFOGATE  
UNDER EIGHT FEET  
OF DIRT!

I SAID I CAN PUT YOU INTO AN  
**EXTREMELY DEEP COMA**.  
MR. DENTON YOUR HEART AND  
PULSE BEAT WILL BE  
IMPERCEPTIBLE TO A NORMAL  
EXAMINATION THERE WILL BE  
ADEQUATE AIR IN THE COFFIN  
TO ACCOMMODATE YOUR  
DECREASED NEEDS UNTIL  
I RELEASE YOU.

BUT I HAVE  
CLAUSTROPHOBIA!  
I COULDN'T **STAND**  
BEING CONFINED IN  
A COFFIN FOR  
A MOMENT!

YOU SHALL BE  
UNAWARE OF IT  
**UNCONSCIOUS** UNTIL  
I DIG UP THE COFFIN.  
IN FACT, YOUR **DEATH**  
WILL ENDURE FOR  
THREE FULL DAYS  
UNTIL I  
RETRIEVE YOU.

YOU WILL BE EXAMINED  
BY OTHER PHYSICIANS  
AND DECLARED OFFICI-  
ALLY DEAD. I ASSURE  
YOU, AFTER YOU ARE  
**RESURRECTED** YOU  
MAY HAVE PLASTIC  
SURGERY PERFORMED  
IN SWEDEN AND BEGIN  
AS ANOTHER MAN.  
IT IS FOOLPROOF AND  
THE PRICE IS \$100,000  
AGREED?

WELL, GUNN SAID  
YOU WERE OKAY.  
I SUPPOSE SO. IT  
IS BETTER THAN  
LIFE IN THE PEN.

GOOD MEET ME TOMORROW  
SEVERAL BLOCKS FROM THE  
MEMORIAL HOSPITAL  
WHERE I AM A STAFF  
PHYSICIAN, THE TRAFFIC  
COP THERE WILL BE AN  
EYE-WITNESS TO YOUR  
HEART ATTACK. NOW,  
YOUR CHECK, IF YOU  
WILL?

WAIT A  
MINUTE!  
YOU DON'T  
GET PAID UNTIL  
I'M SAFE!

THEN THE DEAL IS OFF.  
MR. DENTON I CANNOT  
RISK MYSELF IN THIS  
MANNER WITHOUT  
PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.  
I HOPE YOU LIKE THE  
SIGHT OF IRON BARS  
FOR SOMEONE WITH  
CLAUSTROPHOBIA  
OF COURSE...

NO, WAIT!  
HERE, I'LL  
SIGN THE  
CHECK!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN A DESERTED ALLEY SEVERAL  
BLOCKS FROM THE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

THERE, THE DRUG  
WILL TAKE EFFECT  
IN APPROXIMATELY  
FIVE MINUTES YOU  
HAVE TIME TO WALK  
TO THE TRAFFIC  
COP'S CORNER...  
ONE BLOCK FROM  
THE HOSPITAL  
I'LL FOLLOW  
START NOW

YEAH GUESS  
IT'S TOO LATE  
FOR SECOND  
THOUGHTS  
NOW



LET ME  
THROUGH I'M  
A DOCTOR



...WHILE INSIDE THE COFFIN...



WELL, HAWKINS, HERE'S YOUR TWENTY GRAND. YOU SURE MAKE YOURSELF A BUNDLE ON THESE JOBS COLLECTING FROM ME AS WELL AS YOUR VICTIMS. OH, WELL, IT'S WORTH IT TO ME. DENTON WAS GETTING TOO HOT HE WOULD'VE HAD THE POLICE DOWN ON MY NECK WITHIN A MONTH WITH HIS BUNGLING.



AHA! THANK YOU, MR. QUINN. IRONIC THAT DENTON HAS CLAUSTROPHOBIA. DON'T YOU THINK I GUESS HE'S BEEN AWAKE FOR A WHILE NOW.  
HA HA!



YOU SURE HAVE A GHOULISH SENSE OF HUMOR. HAWKINS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR BUSINESS SENSE, THOUGH COLLECTING TWICE FOR YOUR OPERATIONS AIN'T BAD.

YOU COULD SAY THAT I COLLECT THREE TIMES ON THESE LITTLE DEALS, QUINN.



THREE TIMES?

IF YOU COUNT THE PERSONAL SATISFACTION THE ARRANGEMENT GIVES ME IN ADDITION TO THE MONEY WELL, I MUST GET GOING... HAHA... DENTON MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF AIR BY NOW.



AND ONCE AGAIN MR. DENTON RECEIVES A CALLER. A CALLER WITH AN EVEN MORE SINGULAR PURPOSE...



A CALLER ABOUT TO COLLECT THE THIRD TIME FOR HIS COFFIN GUY!



AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE PAY OFF TO MR. HAWKINS' EERIE ENTERPRISE, WHY NOT MOVE ON TO MY NEXT BIT OF BEAUTY BUSINESS.





AND SO IT CAME TO PASS, AS IT ALWAYS HAS, THAT WHEN THE GENTRY HAD GROWN WEARY OF THE LUXURY OF VIRTUOUS INDULGENCE IN THE HUMANITIES, SOME TURNED TO THE OCCULT TO STIMULATE THEIR JADED INTERESTS! THUS, AS ONE MYSTICAL ADVENTURE INVITED ANOTHER, IT WAS NECESSARY THAT A VISIT BE PAID TO...

# THE CASTLE

AS A PLACE OF HISTORIC HORROR, THE CASTLE FALKE HAD LONG BEEN ABANDONED TO CRUMBLE AND DECAY - TO NURTURE SUPERSTITION AND DREAD...



AND ON OCCASION WHEN THE UNWARY WOULD VENTURE TOO CLOSE... THEY WERE GREETED BY CHILLING TERRORS DESIGNED TO PROVOKE AN IMMEDIATE RETREAT....



AND FOR THOSE CONCERNED WITH EXPLANATIONS, IT WAS GENERALLY ACCEPTED THAT THE APPARITIONS WERE THE WORK OF THE DWARF, PRENGLEPRAG WHOSE FAMILY HAD FOR GENERATIONS BEEN SHELTERED BY THE STONES OF CASTLE FALKE!



IT IS WHISPERED THAT THE POWER OF GOLD CAN EVEN COMMAND DEMONS! AT ANY RATE, THAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF A RENDEZVOUS BETWEEN THE DWARF PRENSLEPRAG, AND ONE HERR FRANK BAR!

LET IT BE UNDERSTOOD, THAT MY PARTY WILL SPEND ONE NIGHT IN THE CASTLE FALKE! AND SINCE A 'SHIVER' OR TWO WILL BE ENJOYED, AN EXTRA COIN SHOULD ENCOURAGE THOSE SPIRITS OF YOURS TO STALK THE HALLS! NICHT WAHR?

YA! GUT GENUS!

AND, I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY YOU MUST MANUFACTURE HORRORBLINS TO FRIGHTEN AWAY INTRUDERS, HERR PRENSLEPRAG, BECAUSE I MUST SAY...YOUR APPEARANCE IS MORE COMICAL THAN FEARFUL!

SINCE I AM LOOKING FOR HORRORS NOT JESTERS... IT WILL SERVE THE EVENING IF YOU STAY OUT OF SIGHT!

SO GEHT ES IM LEBEN, YA!

AND SO THE STAGE WAS DRESSED FOR A JOURNEY INTO TERROR...AND THE PARTICIPANTS CLATTERED TO THE OCCASION IN MORBID ANTICIPATION !!

HURRY, WE MUST BE THERE BEFORE SUNSET!

JAWOHL!

THIS WOULD BE A MOMENT OF TRIUMPH  
TO MAKE HERR BÄR THE TOAST OF HIS  
TWITTERING ILK!



AH... I KNEW THEY  
COULDN'T RESIST  
MY INVITATION.

OH... IF WE ARE TO SEE SPIRITS  
...I DO HOPE THEY ARE OF THE  
PEASANTRY! I JUST ADORE  
PEASANTS, DON'T YOU?



SHHH, HILGA!

HERR BÄR WAS IN TOTAL COMMAND!  
HIS FLAIR FOR THE BIZARRE WAS  
BOUNDLESS AS HE GREETED THE  
ASSEMBLY IN THE GREAT COUNSEL  
HALL OF CASTLE FALKE...



MY FRIENDS... YOU WERE THIS NIGHT  
SUMMONED HERE TO COMMUNE  
WITH DEPARTED BUT WANDERING  
SOULS!

THOUGH THESE MAGNIFICENT ROOMS  
NOW LIE IN RUIN... THERE WAS A TIME  
WHEN THEY WERE FILLED WITH LIFE  
AND THE TERRORS RESERVED ONLY  
FOR THE LIVING...



THIS WAS THE  
ESTATE OF BARON  
HELMUT FALKE...  
A MAN OF GREAT  
PASSION AND  
CRUELTY. THESE  
WERE THE LUSTS  
THAT INFLUENCED  
A DARK DAY IN  
THE WINTER OF  
1764!

NO... BARON... SIRE...  
PLEASE MY DAUGHTER  
IS NOT HERE... SHE...

STAND ASIDE,  
SWINE! YOUR  
DAUGHTER IS  
HERE!



THE BARON'S FERVOR MOMENTARILY DENIED HIM THE REMINDER THAT SOME FATHERS WILL DEFY AUTHORITY TO PROTECT THEIR DAUGHTERS....

AH!

HAHAHAH!

RUN,  
GIRL!

A SCREAMING,  
SEARING, HUMAN  
TORCH ILLUMINATED  
THE NIGHT...

A LESSER MAN  
WOULD HAVE  
PERISHED... IF  
NOT FROM THE  
STABBING PAIN.



.. THEN FROM THE  
AGONIZING WEEKS  
OF CONVALESCENCE!



BUT, THE BARON FALKE  
DID PERSIST... AND HIS  
FACE WAS LEFT AS A  
MASK OF INDESCRIB-  
ABLE HORROR!



BUT- CONQUEST WAS  
NOT THE GAME.. HIS  
VICTIMS COULD NO  
LONGER BE WOODED  
TO HIS WILL... THEY  
COULD NOT LOOK  
UPON HIS HIDEOUS  
FACE!



THE BARON FOUND  
THIS REVULSION  
UNBEARABLE... SO  
IF SIGHT WAS THE  
SOURCE OF HIS  
ANGUISH... THEN  
SIGHT MUST BE  
ELIMINATED!

THE BARON'S INJURY  
FAILED TO COOL HIS  
ARDOR, AND SHORTLY  
HIS SHADOW AGAIN  
WAS FALLING ON  
DESIRABLE YOUNG  
MAIDENS!



THE BARON WITHDREW TO THE SECLUSION OF HIS QUARTERS, AND IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED... HIS FACE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN! THOSE SELECTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT WERE FIRST BLINDED!

AND SO IT WENT UNTIL A NEW RECRUIT PROVED THAT A RE- VENSEFUL BLADE COULD BE WELL DIRECTED EVEN IN DARKNESS!

...AND THAT, MY FRIENDS... IDENTIFIES THE SPIRITS THAT LURK IN THE SHADOWS THAT ENSLUF US!

BUT TONIGHT WE MEAN TO SEE THEM... TO LOOK INTO THE MUTILATED FACE OF BARON FALKE... AND DARE TO LAUGH IF WE SO CHOOSE!

DO... YOU HEAR ME, MAD BARON! .. COME FORTH!

ISN'T FRANK A BIT STRONG .. I MEAN... IF THERE ARE SPIRITS....

I FIND IT EXCITINGLY DARING!

WHERE IS THAT STUPID, PRENGLEPRAG? I THOUGHT HE HAD DRAMATIC TIMING!

CAN YOU HEAR ME, BARON FALKE? WE'RE CALLING YOU!

DO NOT BE AFRAID, UGLY BARON...WE MORTALS JUST WANT TO BE ENTERTAINED BY YOUR AFFLICTION!

AIEEE!

BE PATIENT, RICH MAN...I WILL GIVE YOU A SHOW!

... A SCREAM  
... AT LAST THAT  
SILLY DWARF IS  
WAKING UP!

SUDDENLY,  
BAR'S TAUNTING  
OF THE SUPER -  
NATURAL FROZE IN  
HIS THROAT AS THE  
COUNCIL ROOM WAS  
SWEEP BY A BLAST  
OF RANCID AIR...

PERHAPS  
YOU'VE BEEN  
DEAD TOO LONG,  
BARON! PERHAPS  
YOU CAN'T  
MATERIALIZER!

WHA...  
?

HERR BAR  
WAS HELD  
FAST IN A  
PARALYSIS  
OF FEAR AS  
THE CHILL-  
ING VAPOR  
EMBRACED  
HIM!

WINE GOTT... CAN  
IT BE A GEIST?

NOT SURE OF WHAT  
THEY WERE SEEING,  
THE GUESTS GROPED  
FOR UNDERSTANDING  
...THEN IN A WINK -  
IT WAS OVER...

GONE... WUNDER  
SCHON! A GREAT  
ILLUSION... A...

... HIS EYES!

NO! NO  
ILLUSION!  
LOOK...

OH, YES, HERR BAR WAS  
A SOCIAL RAGE - THE TOPIC OF  
CONVERSATION FOR THE BETTER  
PART OF A MONTH... THEN HE WAS  
RETIRED TO A DARK EXISTENCE  
WHERE HIS MOUTH WORKED AND  
HIS VOCAL CORDS STRAINED,  
BUT NO SOUND WAS HEARD!  
SOME SAID HE WAS SCREAM-  
ING HIS LUNGS OUT.

THE END



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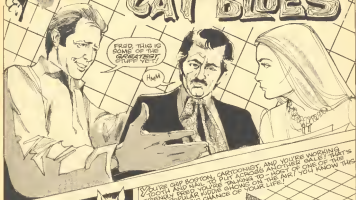
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# the CUT-THROAT CAT BLUES



FRID, THIS IS SOME OF THE GREATEST STUFF YE!

HMM

YOU'RE OUR BOTTOM CARTOONIST, AND YOU'RE WORKING TOOTH AND NAIL TO PUT ACROSS ANOTHER GALE! THAT'S FINALLY FRID YOUR DREAM TO - MOST OF ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR KIDDIE SHOWS ON THE AIR! YOU KNOW THIS MAY BE THE BIG CHANCE OF YOUR LIFE!



HERE'S A GREAT SCENE! CUT-THROAT CAT SHOWS AN AID HOME IN WEIRD WOLFE EARS AND BLOOD! WHAT THEY ALL COME BACK FOR THE NEXT CARTOON, OF COURSE!

BOOM!



DAD THIS IS AWFUL!

I AGREE, MARION! LET'S GO! I'VE BEEN ENOUGH OF YOUR DISGUSTING MATERIAL, MR BOSTON!



YOU BURN HIM WALKING AWAY. IT'S  
LATER NOW, ISN'T IT, CHIEF? YOUR BIG  
CHANCE—DOWN THE DRAIN... SUDDENLY—  
"YOU CAN'T  
TAKE ANYMORE!  
YOU MUST LAUGH  
OUT AT THIS  
MAN WHO HAS  
REJECTED YOU  
AND YOUR  
WORK!" THE  
WORDS SLIP  
FROM YOUR  
DARTING MOUTH  
YOU EVEN  
REALIZE  
YOU'VE  
BETRAYED  
THEM!



YOU  
CAN'T  
DO  
THIS  
NOW!



I'LL  
MAKE  
YOU  
PAY  
YOU  
UNDE  
REST  
AND  
I!



I'LL  
MAKE  
YOU  
PAY  
!!

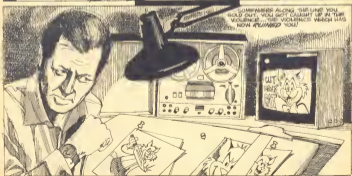


I'LL  
MAKE  
YOU  
PAY  
!!

WHEN FRIENDLY FRED IS GONE, TAKING YOUR  
W FUTURE WITH HIM, YOU DECIDE TO TRY  
TO CATCH ONE OF YOUR OLD SHOWS ON TV.



LET'S JUNK, ISN'T IT, CHIEF? YOU KNOW  
THAT NOW! IN FACT YOU ALWAYS  
KNEW IT!



COMPANIES ALONG THE LINE YOU  
GOLD OUT. YOU GOT CAUGHT UP IN THE  
VIOLENCE... THE VIOLENCE WHICH WAS  
NOW REVENGED YOU!

2. THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU DID DECENT WORK, WAGNT THERE, CHIFT THAT WAS LONG AGO, AND IT DIDNT GELL AS WELL AS THE TRASH YOU PRODUCE NOW...

IN FACT, A LOT  
OF THINGS  
ARE OVER  
NOW.

YOU LAUGH  
SARDONICALLY  
THROUGH YOUR  
MISERY, THEN  
MAKE A VOW

REALLY FREE!  
AND HE WILL PRO-  
ON, AND HE WILL

6. IN THE DAYS TO COME  
YOU FOLLOW FRIENDLY TRUD,  
AND YOU WATCH...

...AND WATCH ... AND AT LAST  
YOU FORMULATE A PLAN!

FRIENDLY FRED FOLLOWS THE  
GANG LONELY STREETEN OF  
ROAD HOME EVERY NIGHT. HE'S  
A CREATURE OF NIGHT. I THINK  
THE TIME FOR MY REVENGE  
HAS COME.

FINALLY YOU  
TAKE THE FIRST  
STEP IN YOUR  
REVENGE SCHEME!  
YOU GAS FRISKY  
FROD'S CAR UP AHEAD  
YOU'VE NEVER DONE  
ANYTHING LIKE THIS  
BEFORE, BUT YOU CAN'T  
TURN BACK - NOT AFTER WHAT  
HE'S DONE TO YOU...

...YOU STEP ON THE GAS AND  
GET ALONGSIDE OF FROD... THEN

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT  
MAN IS TRYING TO -  
FORCE ME OFF  
THE ROAD -  
I'M LOSING  
CONTROL!  
AAAAA

SCORECH!!

SCORECH!!

IT WAS AT ONCE  
VIA-VEE BEEN  
SUCCESSFUL!

FROD IS UNCONSCIOUS,  
BUT NOT DEAD...

STU POUR THE LIQUOR OVER  
EVERYTHING AND LEAVE THE  
BOTTLE IN HIS CAR! HE'LL BE  
ACCUSED OF DRUNK DRIVING!  
HE'LL BE RUINED AS A WOOD-  
GROW HOBBY! JUST AS I AM RUINED! HAHA!

THE NEXT DAY ...



DING DONG!

WHA-WHO  
IS IT?

MARION? FRIENDS  
PRESS! DAUGHTER!

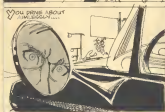
I JUST THOUGHT  
YOU'D BE GLAD TO  
KNOW... MY DAD  
RIGHT AFTER THIS  
MORNING'S PAPER  
CAME OUT! I KNOW  
YOU WERE REASON-  
ABLE - I REMEMBER  
YOUR TALK TO  
HIM!

HER WORDS BURN THROUGH YOU-  
YOU TRY DESPERATELY TO KEEP  
YOUR SEAT...

I KNOW!  
THERE'S NO  
PROOF, BUT  
THERE IS  
ALWAYS  
PLAYBACK  
FOR A PERSON  
LIKE YOU!

"YOU'LL  
BE IN A WORLD  
OF YOUR  
OWN  
MAKING!"

YOU'LL BE IN  
A WORLD OF YOUR  
OWN MAKING!





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